

ally Sloper's Half Holiday

BEING A SELECTION, SIDE-SPLITTING, SENTIMENTAL, AND SERIOUS, FOR THE BENEFIT OF OLD BOYS, YOUNG BOYS, ODD BOYS GENERALLY, AND EVEN GIRLS.

Vol. II.—No. 49.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1885.

[ONE PENNY.]



EASTER MONDAY AT BRIGHTON.

"It really was most unpleasant for poor Pa, who had kindly offered his arm, up the King's Road, to a young lady friend of mine from the 'Friv.,' on a visit to a sick Aunt. Perhaps it was she they remembered in Mrs. Nye Chart's last Xmas Pantomime, that made them call out, 'Hullo! here's a old cove from the theayter got his ballet dress on, and his tights ain't long enough. What legs!'"

[EXTRACT FROM MISS SLOPER'S LETTER TO A FRIEND.]

EASTER MONDAY.—DOES EVERYONE SO MUCH GOOD.



1. Kiss-in-the-Ring

2. "Me and my Moke"

3. The Light Fantastic.

4. The Gentle Skippist.

MILDEWED MUGGINS; OR, COBWEBS OF CRIME.

CHAPTER I.

In presenting the reader with this, the first and only authentic particulars regarding this extraordinary monster ever published, the Editor must disclaim any intention of pandering to a morbid taste for the sensational or horrible. He has no desire to cast any heroic dignity upon the gallows, or to shed the splendours of fascinating romance on the paths that lead to it; but from the large collection of notes and memoranda which have been placed in his hands, he hopes to shed a light upon dark doings hitherto untouched by even those whose trade it is to ruthlessly ransack the records of reckless rascality. What follows will curdle blood.

"Alexander," said the leader of the Dauntless Boys, "I have been hesitating whether we had not better go home to bed and see, to-morrow morning early, if we could not nail a pickaxe. I somehow doubt whether the end that's tied on to ours with string will serve the purpose it is intended for, which, as you are aware, is to force a way through Uncle Benjamin's cellar

into the secret passage leading beneath the strong room of the Bank of England, where the bullion is kept."

"Ha! ha!" The two Dauntless Boys sprang in the air and shook like aspens at the hideous and unexpected sound.

What was it?
Whence came it?
A demoniacal yell of laughter, so weirdsome in its ghastly shrillness never before had fallen on their ears. Surely to Heaven from naught human could so unearthly a sound have proceeded!

Trembling in every limb, their teeth chattering, their knees knocking together, their hair on end, and drops of perspiration the size of beads rolling silently down their massive brows, the two Dauntless Boys madly struggled in wild and frenzied fear to get behind one another out of danger.

But now the sound ceased, and all was still, save for the plaintive moaning of the wind through the dark and deserted City streets. They were standing at the moment about half-way down Bartholomew Lane, close under the shadow of the Bank of England.

In vain, shading their eyes, they strove to penetrate the surrounding gloom. No sign of a human form was visible. There was no open window, no open door. The merry stockbrokers, who in the daytime perch themselves hereabouts, had long since taken stock and wandered homewards to their suburban villas.

No one was visible. The policeman whose beat it was was solacing himself with a hot baked potato round the corner. Within the Bank itself all was silent. Its custodians, if it had any, were fast asleep.

Yet it was impossible that the sound could have resulted from imagination alone. Two boys, however imaginative, could not very well have imagined like that. And again they gazed around with closer scrutiny.

Merciful Powers! Close behind them, under the wall of the very Bank itself, at an aperture that appeared to have been caused by the shifting of the solid masonry a face was visible.

A face—and what a face!
It was that of a man of extraordinary age, with bleared eyes and sunken cheeks. A few stray locks of white hair, tangled and knotted in hideous confusion lent a fearsome weirdness to an aspect that it would be flattering to speak of only as loathsomely repulsive.

What clothing he wore could not very well be described as rags. It had got past this, they were mere shreds, and came apart at the slightest pressure, like the beef in a 4d. plate of allymode. But he was less savoury.

His arms, reduced to skin and bone, were bare, and the nails on his fingers of extraordinary length, curled and pointed like the claws of birds.

Whilst the two Dauntless Boys, sick with terror, gazed aghast, the appalling creature, in faint, croaking tones bade them not to be afraid, but listen to him.

"I was listening just now," he said. "I heard you speaking of the passage. It is here. I am in it. I have been in it sixty-and-eight years. I was scarcely past my prime when I first came down. I have been working hard ever since, except the last four or five years, when my strength has failed me. It is no use your going back again to your uncle's cellar. I came in there, and have blocked the passage up with earth behind me. I have bored through now within half-a-yard of the weakest place in the floor of the strong room of the Bank. If you are willing, your young arms shall complete the work well-nigh finished, and boundless wealth will be yours."

"Did you say you'd been down there sixty-eight years?" asked Blood-Stained Bill.

"What have you lived on all the while?"

"The first part of the time," replied the old man, "mostly on dog biscuit; but when the weevils got the upper hand, I had to fall back upon other things."

"On what?" gasped Blood-Stained Bill.

"Hush!" said the old man, "I hear the distant sound of the policeman's boots. Return when he is gone if you are willing to aid me."

And as the figure of the constable loomed dimly into sight, the solid masonry closed without a sound, and all was dark and silent.

(To be continued. Next week it will be awful.)

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* * * Owing to the demand on our space, we cannot guarantee to answer Correspondents immediately on the receipt of their Queries.

A. L. ENGLAND (Lavender Hill).—ALLY has "cast his eagle eye" over your sketches, but unfortunately he has no room for them in his "HALF-HOLIDAY."—A CONSTANT READER AND LOVER OF THE "HALF-HOLIDAY."—The bust of ALLY in sweetstuff so kindly sent, is truly lovely. The only fear the Eminent has, is that the Boy Alexander will make short work of it.—JOHN THE GROOM (Commercial Road).—ALLY has no objection to try "HOP BITTERS" (with something in it), if you assure him that it will improve his nasal adornment. As to bunions and corns, he knows nothing about either; he (s)corns the idea.—A. B. (Brixton).—Sorry we have no room.—ADOLPHUS NATHANIEL.—The prize winner of the "Miss Sloper Love Letter" will be announced in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for April 18th. ALLY will be pleased to receive the bottle of "Old Tom" as promised.—N. (Dublin).—It is quite correct that ALLY is going to accompany T.R.H. the Prince and Princess of Wales when they visit Ireland.—WATERLOO (Leadenhall Street).—ALLY rarely shaves himself, when things run to it he visits Shipwright in Tichborne Street, and leaves that worthy's establishment in a very highly scented condition, the three hairs he possesses being well brilliantined and combed.—A MITCHELL (Port Elphinstone).—Miss Sloper sends her photo with love, and the Eminent his autograph with the greatest possible pleasure.—J. McCLAREN (Glasgow).—ALLY is very sorry he cannot extend the time. Doubtless you have observed that the prize winner of Chapter IV. of "THE BLACK BOX" is a native of your city. The Eminent is very much hurt that you have not sent him the bottle of 62 gin you spoke of some time back; however, Miss Sloper sends you her portrait.—CLARRY BRENNI (Liverpool).—Miss Sloper's love, and she sends her portrait. She is much obliged for the photo of your young man; strange that his name should be Bob also.—AN ADMIRER OF ALLY (Nottingham).—You are quite right, the Umbrella would have improved the design.

* * * For announcement of £3 : 3 : 0 Weekly Prize, see page 107.

TO ADMIRERS of MISS SLOPER.

— £1 : 1 : 0 —

and the "SLOPER AWARD OF MERIT" will be given to the writer of the best love letter to Miss Sloper. The latest time for receiving the Billet Doux is this day, Saturday, April 4th. It is quite optional whether photos of the Admirers are enclosed with the notes, at the same time Miss Sloper does NOT say that she will not be influenced by them, should they be sent. The result will be announced, and the Prize Love-Letter published in the "HALF-HOLIDAY" for April 18th.

99, SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

A GOOD many husbands seem to think that their time may be spent more profitably elsewhere than at the domestic hearth. This is a mistake. When business is over for the day, the really good husband, and the husband after Miss Sloper's own heart, takes the bus home, and spends the evening in the bus-home of his family.

No wonder that the ranks increase
Of mendicants forlorn,
When, 'stead of bidding them to cease,
We tell them to beg on.

"EXTREMES meet," as the two short-sighted gentlemen said when they bumped their bald heads together when making a bow.



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.
No. 49.—The Bank Holiday Costume.



Bank Holiday Relics.



'Arry and his Pal on the Warpath.



A Bank Holidayist Eyeing the Offing.
(It isn't OFFING that he does.)



The Good Young Man that Died in the Tother-side-of-the-water Easter Monday Pieces.



An Easter Monday Masher at a West-end Theatre.



"Whelks! Fine fresh Whelks! Who'll have a pint 'er Almond Whelks?"

SHAKESPEARE asks, "What's in a name?" If he had been studying Eastern maps he would have found that thirty-five consonants and three vowels were in most of them.

School Board Examiner. "Now tell me, my dear, what is dew?"
A. Sloper's Youngest but-two. "Please, mum, I don't know exactly, but there's always a lot of men a calling at father's for money."

ONE of the best places to spend Easter Monday as used to be the North Woolwich Gardens. There were five thousand oil lamps in the trees, and five thousand Hebrews promenading the walks with the band playing. It was a great place for the Mosaic fraternity. If in the middle of a walk you suddenly shrieked out, "Watling's Pork Pies!" they all cleared out of the place, and the most fearful accidents have before now occurred, owing to this most inhuman practice.

SLIM SMITH met burly Brown along the Strand.
And stopping him, exclaimed, "Your conduct's odd.
You see me and you never grasp my hand,
But pass me coolly with a distant nod,
Then burly Brown replied, "Don't make a row,—
To 'sight' acquaintances I only bow."

A GENTLEMAN in the grocery line has been writing to Mrs. S. complaining bitterly of the very unreasonable suddenness and horrible unexpectedness with which the local Inspector of Weights and Measures pays his visits. Mrs. S. would gently suggest to this gentleman that it would matter nothing to him whether he were suddenly surprised or not, if he had not been lying in weight himself.

Daughter. "What makes the sea get angry so often, mamma?"
Mother. "Because it is so often crossed, my darling."

SUPPOSING you were to commit suicide by shooting yourself with a revolver, would it be in accordance with the eternal fitness of things to say that you paid your own debt-of-nature?

"TALK about our deficient water supply," said the Boy Sloper; "why, I've seen a flea make twenty springs in less than a minute!"

If you can't afford to go to the seaside for Easter, buy a packet of Tidman's Sea Salt, strew it on the floor, open the windows, listen to the niggers, shut your eyes, and think yourself at Margit. This is a very excellent idea indeed, if properly worked out.

WE must all tip the waiter, that's perfectly clear,
And the cook, and the small boy who fetches the beer,
And, however with fury our teeth we may gnash,
The pond'rous head waiter who collars the cash.
I don't grudge the ribbons and gloves to the lass
Who flirts o'er the counter and serves out the Bass;
But I think that the landlord has treated me ill
By that "sixpence attendance" that's charged in the bill.

PERSONS who pay money for the pleasure of seeing themselves in print ought to recollect what can be done in the way of a handbill at a shilling a thousand.

EXPERIMENTS in the art of annexing other people's property are generally a trifle dangerous; but we cannot help thinking that a youthful, active, hungry visitor to Margate, who mayhap has lost nearly all his money at "nap" by playing with strangers on the railway journey down, might easily obtain, without much personal risk, a considerable amount of good wholesome meat out of that barrowful of food which stands outside Sanger's menagerie just before afternoon "feeding-time."

TORQUAY is renowned for its fossils. These are not the oldest inhabitants, though both are classed under the same heading. The former are dug up, and the latter occasionally buried.

If we may for once believe SLOPER, who is sometimes sober, and occasionally tells the truth, he has done something useful at last. He has invented a machine for the benefit of those who have their rest broken by snoring bedfellows, a simple machine of india-rubber piping, one end of which is placed over the mouth and nose of the sleeper, and the other over his ear. He is thus made to consume his own sound.

THE average general servant will break glass, and china also, to any figure you can afford. Should you require a large amount broken in a very short time, we should recommend an Irish general servant who has not been long in England. We are quite certain that she will satisfy the requirements of the most ardent fracturer.

A RECENTLY discharged contributor sends this:—"I can't get enough pace out of my cob, Tommy," said my friend N., as we were criticising his nag's points, horsily; "I don't think he is half fed." "That's just it," said I, "the lower the diet, the more you make him 'fast.'" I am really very ready with these little things, though I say it as should not.

"Do two halves make a whole?" I often muse,
When subtle calculations vex my soul;
For to believe I must and shall refuse
That two half-buttons make a buttonhole.

"THIS'LL" (thistles) "suit me," as the ass said when he came to a field where this particular kind of weed was growing.
[ALLY to contributor.—I must really beg of you not to introduce family anecdotes.]

OLD Turnouts was trying to tether a vicious ram, aided by his boy Bob, when the ram butted him over and capered off. "That's as good as a dinner to you, dad," said the son, as he assisted the old man to rise, "mutton with capers." "None of your sauce, at any rate," said dad.

SLOPER knows a jocosse gentleman who murmured to a policeman, "Come where the moonbeams linger." And the officer actually went and told them to "move on."

CALCULATE the number of British male man thing tourists who will go abroad this year who understand French thoroughly, and can read and write, but not speak it—and who won't much like to try either—before Her.

A SADDENED man, adown whose cheeks
The tears had chased in fitful streaks,
Like very zigzag rails,
Exclaimed, "When people look at me,
They're gazing upon royallee,
And see the Prints of Wails."

"DISTANCE lends enchantment to the view," as the old gentleman in the stalls said the other day when he had recovered from the effects of a pair of heavy opera-glasses which had fallen upon his head from the ledge of the box above.

BROADCHEST, the eminent tragedian, was looking down the list of provincial theatres advertised "to let" in the Era. His countenance wore a very rueful expression for a time, and at last he spake thusly to his companion, Gagsby, the low com.: "What is that Tennyson remarks, old chappy?"

"T.R.s, idle T.R.s, I know not what they mean."

Then Gagsby led him tenderly to the bar, and ordered another—cold.

THE present prevalent fashion of ladies wearing their hair over the forehead in a "fringe" is called by some facetious folks "the Sky-terrier" mode. Mrs. S. would like to know whether this is so-called because it is supposed to attract puppies?

A FAIR correspondent, who signs herself "Pink of Propriety," wants to know what on earth she is to do? She takes the very gratest care to avoid such a shocking impropriety, but it seems to be of not the slightest use, for, whenever she does happen to be kissed, why, ten to one, it's under her very nose.

MISSIE SLOPER-POO, AND MIKADO, AND NANKI-POO, AND KO-KO, AND YUM-YUM, AND POOH-BAH, AND KATISHA, AND SCHWANKIPOO, AND SULLIVANKI.

WELL-REGULATED girls ought to lose no time in going to see and hear Schwankipoo and Sullivan's new comic opera. My god-papa, Mr. C. H. Ross, poor dear pa's oldest friend, some years ago, when I was a little girl, gave me a nursery book of his, in which is this rhyme:—

"There was a queen called Kalli-boo,
Who dreamt she was a WANKI-POO;
But, strange to say, when she awoke,
She found she was a QUEEKI-QUOKER;
Yet stranger still, her aged mother
Vowed she was neither one nor t'other."

I observe a serious critic says of the new piece.—

"One of the most fascinating elements of true wit is surprise, and in this respect Mr. Gilbert stands alone amongst modern authors. He has such unexpected fancies, such singular combinations, clothing the palpable and the familiar with odd suggestions, novel fun, and grotesque caricature, so that the duldest intellect is fascinated and ripples of mirth break over the most stolid countenance at the fantastic situations and incongruous ideas he conjures up."

I don't think Nanki-Poo is as unexpected and singular a combination as Schwankipoo is, and I made that up myself right off, and as to Pooh-Bah—

When Frank Bellburn-andwood had to invent names for Orientals he was a long way ahead of W. S. G. with his Wun-Lung and others in *Aladdin*.

But never mind these little details. Here's the story:—The opening scene is the courtyard of Ko-Ko's palace, where we meet with Nanki-Poo, the youthful hero, who, although he is the son of the Mikado, has fled from his papa's court



Ko-Ko: GEORGE GROSSMITH.

and has assumed the disguise of second trombone, because Katisha, a mature damsel, and far from beautiful, has fixed her affections upon the youth, who has seen and loved Yum-Yum. But the maiden is betrothed to her guardian Ko-Ko, who, from having been a cheap tailor, is promoted to be Lord High Executioner. This official is assisted by a tremendous swell, Pooh-Bah, who has taken upon himself all the chief offices of the state. The young wandering heir of the Mikado is in despair at the idea of Yum-Yum being united to the executioner, and is about to hang himself through disappointed love when an event occurs which changes the aspect of affairs. The Mikado is disgusted that no execution has taken place at Titipu for a year, and sends word that unless somebody is beheaded within a month the town will be reduced to a village, and the title of Lord High Executioner taken from Ko-Ko. When the Executioner learns the despair of Nanki-Poo he conceives a brilliant idea. Why not induce this romantic youth to be beheaded?

Never have I seen prettier love-making on the stage than that of the Mikado's disguised heir, and the Lord High Executioner's betrothed. The scene in which they picture how happy they might be, if it were not for the law, is very charming.



The Mikado: R. TEMPLE.



Peep-Bo: SYBIL GREY. Yum-Yum: LEONORA BRAHAM. Pitti-Sing: JESSIE BOND.

But go and see for yourself. Everybody is awfully good, and Georgy Grossmith better than ever he was. P.S. I was not very happy, though. I've something I shall, perhaps, tell you next week about Lord Bob.

TO OUR READERS.

THE MOST EXTRAORDINARY STORY EVER WRITTEN!

On March 7th we published the Opening Chapter of
A GREAT COMPETITION STORY,
which may be contributed to (a Chapter each week) by any purchaser of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" desirous of competing for the Weekly Prize of

£3 : 3 : 0

The Story is one of Modern Life, dealing with a DARK AND TERRIBLE MYSTERY, the unravelment of which depends upon the imaginative powers of those who undertake the allotted task. The Prize of £3 : 3 : 0 for Chapter I., printed hereunder, has been awarded to

WILLIAM COWTAN, 69, Wickersley Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

The first Chapter showed in what way the evidences of a FEARFUL CRIME were brought to light, and the subsequent Chapters (open to Competition) must carry the Story a Stage farther each week, leaving the final development of the plot to be told in the Chapter yet to come. The STORY to be told in Right Chapters, including the First, published March 7th. Each Chapter must not be less than half a column in length, and not more than a column, and for the best Chapter selected each week, a Prize of £3 : 3 : 0 together with the "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" will be given; and a like amount and the same Honours for Chapter Six, and so on to the end of the Story.

NOTE.—All MSS. must be addressed to The Editor of

"THE GREAT COMPETITION STORY,"
"ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" Office,
99 Shoe Lane, E.C.

COUPON.
T.G.C.S.
APR. 4, '85.

and should reach the Office by first post Saturday morning, accompanied by the Coupon cut from the "Half-Holiday" of the same week. If the MSS. be accompanied by a stamped wrapper, it will ensure their safe return in case of rejection. The MSS. for Chapters should reach the Office by Saturday, April 4th. "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY" is published midday Thursday, which allows half of Thursday and the whole of Friday for writing the Chapter to be sent in; to arrive at the Office not later than first post Saturday morning.

OUR PRIZE STORY.

THE BLACK BOX.

CHAPTER V. (PRIZE £3 : 3 : 0). BY WILLIAM COWTAN.

As Evelyn fell unconscious to the floor, a tramping of feet was heard on the stairs without, and, before either Merritt or Kelly could prevent it, the door was flung violently open, and half a dozen policemen, accompanied by a sergeant and a plain clothes' officer, rushed into the room. "What do you mean by this intrusion?" angrily demanded Kelly. "By the right of the law," calmly answered the detective, and, stepping up to him, exclaimed, "You are arrested for assaulting this gentleman!" pointing to Evelyn, as he lay senseless upon the floor.

With a fearful oath Kelly sprang forward, and attempted to dash past the men, but they were too quick for him. He was immediately overpowered and securely handcuffed.

In the confusion Merritt managed to escape from the house unnoticed by the police. When his absence was discovered the sergeant immediately ordered a thorough search to be made of the house and immediate neighbourhood, but no traces of him could be found anywhere.

The sergeant then directed two of his men to remove Evelyn to the nearest hospital, and with his prisoner left the house.

The detective accompanied Evelyn to the hospital, and then proceeded to the police station to make his report.

The following morning Kelly was brought before the magistrate on a charge of assaulting Evelyn, but was remanded for a week to allow of his victim being able to attend, as Evelyn's wound on the head, which he had received on his first meeting with Merritt, proved more serious than was at first thought; but, happily, ere the week had elapsed, he was almost himself again.

He appeared at the Police Court to give his evidence, which by itself was not sufficient to gain a conviction.

The detective, however, who had arrested Kelly deposed that, in accordance with instructions, he had followed Evelyn, and had arrived at the hotel in time to witness the assault, but was not able to obtain assistance before Kelly drove off. He, accompanied by the police, followed the cab, and getting into the house in the same manner as Kelly had done, they made their way to the room and captured the man, as related above. This was corroborated by the sergeant; and the magistrate, on hearing such conclusive evidence, sentenced Kelly to hard labour for six weeks, and ordered the police to keep a strict watch over Merritt's house. As soon as the proceedings were over, Evelyn sought the detective, and after thanking him for the services he had rendered, asked him if he knew anything of his friend Crawshaw.

The man professed to know nothing, but advised Evelyn to inquire at the police station. Accordingly the next morning Evelyn proceeded to the station, and was admitted to the superintendent's room. The superintendent inquired his business, and Evelyn told him the object of his visit; and in reply, the superintendent said that Crawshaw, having shown symptoms of insanity, had been removed to the infirmary.

"My God!" exclaimed Evelyn, "Crawshaw mad. No, no; it is impossible."

"I am sorry to say Mr. Evelyn, that such is the case," was the superintendent's answer.

"If you wish it," he continued, "you can go and see for yourself."

"That I certainly will do," said Evelyn, "for I cannot and will not believe it, until I have seen him."

The superintendent having given Evelyn an order of admittance, he sorrowfully proceeded on his way towards the infirmary.

The porter who admitted him on hearing whom he had come to see, warned him that he must be prepared for a shock.

Preceding Evelyn he led the way down a long dimly-lighted corridor, at the end of which was a room into which he ushered him.

Evelyn's first impulse, on beholding his friend, was to throw himself upon him and weep for joy, but the sight which met his eye made him shudder and involuntarily draw back.

On a pallet lay Crawshaw, his face wore a ghastly hue, and in his eyes was that horrible vacant look which betokens insanity; by the bedside sat a stalwart policeman watching over him. Crawshaw regarded Evelyn with a fixed, vacant stare; but his friend, advancing with outstretched hand, exclaimed in a husky voice, "Charley, old man, don't you know me?"

The sound of his voice seemed to have a great effect on Crawshaw, who, before his guardian could restrain him, leaped off the bed and with a blood-curdling yell, sprang upon Evelyn, and seizing him by the throat shrieked, "Villain! Murderer! Where is my wife?"

WILLIAM COWTAN, 69 Wickersley Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.
(To be continued by any one who chooses to write the next chapter.)

NOVEL ANATOMY.

TUTOR (to stupid boy). What is a cow?
STUPID BOY. Dunno.

TUTOR. Have I not just told you that all animals with four legs are termed quadrupeds?

S. B. Yes, sir.

TUTOR. Well, now, how many legs has a cow? Count them up.

S. B. (after prolonged pause). Eight.

TUTOR (his hair slowly rising). How do you make that out, sir?

S. B. Why, sir, it has two behind, and two in front, and two on each side, and that makes eight.

TUTOR (gasping). Run out and play, boy. I don't feel well.

TO MAKE AN APPLE TART.

FIRST procure your apple, which should be as unripe as one you can get. Then wash him all over with care and cold water. Then set him up upon a clean dish. Then get a sharp knife. Then peel him considerably, calmly, but conscientiously. Then place him gently in a small basin. Then take the juice of twelve lemons; add to this one pint of the strongest malt vinegar. Mix well, and pour carefully over that apple until he is covered well over with the same. Then let him soak for six hours. Then take him out, and serve with a little fresh lemon-juice and cayenne. Something like an apple tart.

THE WATCHOMANIAC.

My name is Watter Potter, and I should never have been anything at all if it had not been for my watches. As it is, I shall most likely be a convicted felon, sentenced to a term of years. That's something, anyhow.



The Lost Property Restored.

As a child, I had a longing for a watch—ay, even before I could appreciate its proper value. My first one was purchased in the Lowther Arcade, and cost sixpence. Its face was of paper, and its interior arrangements rivalled those of the snipe in their simplicity. When you wanted that watch to be any particular time, you put the key into a hole in the back and fixed the hands, and when you wanted it to be another time, you performed the same process. This was end-

less amusement until a younger brother tubbed it one Saturday afternoon, and washed its face—right off.

On reaching man's estate I had a little money left me, which I invested in watches of varied sizes and value. I bought a dozen, and it was my constant care and never-ending joy to wind them up and ponder o'er their inner workings. My friends said I was a fool.

One night I went to a theatre; there was a great crowd, and in the crush I felt a hand in my waistcoat-pocket. One of my favourite watches was being stolen from me. I turned with a gasping cry and clutched the party nearest to me. "Give me back my property!" I screamed.

"Who's got your property?" he answered.

"Get off my toes, will you?" said some one else.

"Where are you a-shovin' to?" said some other some one else.

"Get out of the crowd if you want to fight!" said a third, and I was hustled and hustled, and pulled and pushed back down the passage, calling police all the way.

Just, however, as I reached a clear space a hand was laid on my shoulder. A shabby man with a white hat laid his finger on the side of his nose and winked at me.

"Don't spoil sport," he whispered; "if you have your watch back again that's good enough 'or you, ain't it? And if you want to be anywheres but the back row, you'd better look lively."

The shabby man's observations seemed to me to be uncommonly cool, yet were they also logical. I had my watch again. I saw no particular gain that I could get by making a row. I did want a good seat, and there was no time to lose. I therefore left the shabby man and made a rush.

I was much squeezed and very hot. Between the acts I went to the refreshment-bar for a bottle of ginger-beer. It occurred to me then that I would like to look at the time, and I pulled out—Good heavens!

It wasn't my watch, after all. It was very like my watch—remarkably like it, but it wasn't it. Several persons must have been losing their watches about the same time, and they had got mixed. What should I do?

A young man standing near saved me the trouble of deciding. He took me by the collar and called me a thief. I tried to argue the point, but neither he nor the policeman would believe me, and—I was run in.



The Awful Accusation.

I assured the inspector who was taking the night charges that I was an innocent and highly respectable young man. He did not seem to be of the same opinion.

Next morning the magistrate shook his head whilst I talked, and asked whether I could bring forward any witness to corroborate my tale. I sent them for my only living relative, and he sent back a verbal message that he did not see how he could do anything to help me, and hoped I was innocent, but was

afraid, from what he knew of me, that I would do anything to get hold of a watch.

After this a policeman stepped into the box, and said he had searched my lodgings and found a lot of other watches. The magistrate asked how many I had, and I told him eleven, for one had been stolen. At this the policeman smiled, for he said he had found twelve.

I asked to see them, and uttered a cry of agony and despair. There were twelve. I had not put a watch in my pocket that evening, although such was my constant habit. I had not been robbed at all.

The magistrate said that I had contradicted myself very seriously, and that it was his duty to commit me for trial.

Most likely I shall be transported, unless somebody comes forward and gives me a good word. THEY ARE ADVERTISING NOW IN THE "HUE AND CRY" FOR THE OWNERS OF MY REMAINING ELEVEN WATCHES!!!

TOO MUCH.

SHE was very ill—hot weather and lobster salad the previous evening—and was reclining on the sofa in her boudoir, becomingly attired in pink and white.

The handsome curate, having looked in accidentally, thinks it as well to improve the occasion.

H. C. And do you forgive all your enemies, Lady Grace?

L. G. Yes, I think so—that is, all except one.

H. C. But there must be no exception; you must pardon all.

L. G. Oh, I cannot! She is my sister-in-law, and she said I was so ugly she wondered what her brother could have seen in me.

H. C. Never mind, forget and forgive; you will feel happier afterwards.

L. G. Very well, then, I will.

H. C. From your heart?

L. G. Yes, from my heart.

H. C. Then, as a peace-offering and token of reconciliation, send her that locket and chain around your neck.

L. G. (sitting up indignantly). What! give that cat my last new locket? Oh, no, that is too much!

The curate took his departure shortly afterwards.



PROMISING DOGS,

"Setters an' pinters I calls 'em, sir, an' you'll al'ays find 'em a settin' an' a pintin' at the pot as long as iver there's a ghost of a bit o' wittle in it. Arter that, I can't answer for 'em."

CONTEMPT OF COURT.
Offering his Lordship sherry and sandwiches.

SUNDAY—PAST



AND PRESENT.



PLEASE TO REMEMBER THE GAROTTER.

"Beg parding, gov'nor; but will yer oblige me with yer watch? I've got a parrick'lar 'pintment at 12.45, and my own ticker's stopped."



Extract from Letter. "It wasn't so much his sitting down that I cared about, only when it's two shillin's an hour, you know—"



"Bother this rain!"



"Hang this wind!"



"Blow this umbrella!"



"Dash it all, I can't carry this beast of a thing!"



"Here's a find!"



"If I can only get it straight."



"I have; ain't it prime, too?"

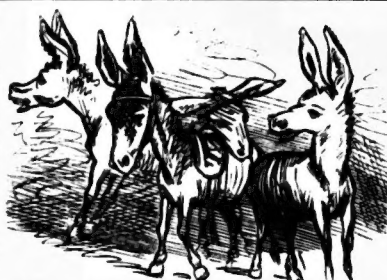


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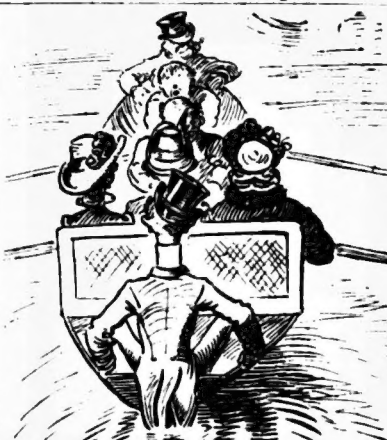


"THE SOLDIER'S TEAR" (New Version).

View of warrior and family on the eve of the Battle of Brighton Downs.



They always dread Bank Holidays and the Summer Months coming on.



"There was me an' Mariar an' 'Tilda, an' 'Tilda's mother, an' 'Arry, and Uncle Benjaming, we went up the river from 'Amersmith to 'Ampton. Done it proper? Reither. Nothin' but bloomin' blisters for a fortnit arterwards."



BANK HOLLAR-DAY.

SCENE—Zoological Gardens. Tom, Harry, and Stranger gazing on large bird in cage.

Tom. "See 'ere, 'Arry, 'ere's a Heagle."
Harry. "Go away; you don't know; it's a Howl!"
Tom (excitedly). "I tell yer it's a Heagle! 'Ere, Guv'nor, what's this ere bird?"
Stranger (solemnly). "Gentlemen, it's a Nork."



HEASTER 'OLIDAYS.

1st Gent. If I was a-goin' to Brighton, I'd wear an 'igh 'at.
2nd Gent. A gentleman is known by 'is haddrass, not by 'is 'at.



MORE EASTER EGGS.
Tommy on the 'Yotting Lay.'



Bring forth the fiery untamed one-horse shay.



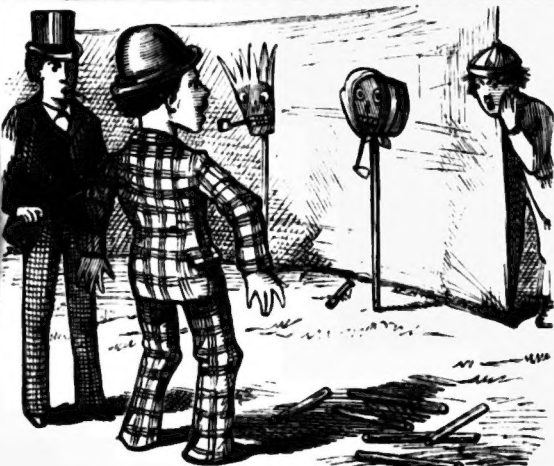
THE OLD COMPLAINT.

Poor Old Gentleman, evidently in pain. Lights, sir? No, sir! Demme, sir, Liver!



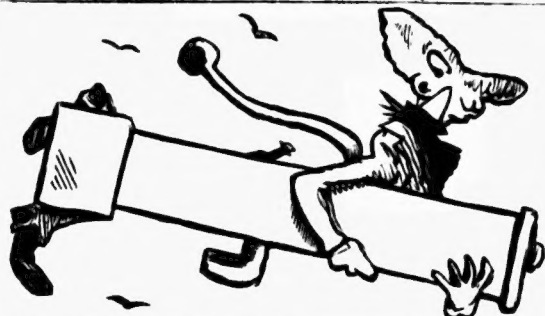
HAMPSTEAD HEATH.

Better go on a donkey to see the country—if you can hold on. They know all the prettiest bits, and stop of their own accord for you to look at them; then go off again at a hard gallop.



A GOOD BEGINNING.

"I say, young fellar, that there last stick ye threw 'as it an old gent on the 'ed dreadful. You'd better 'ook it, sharp!"



THE RETURN OF THE REVELLER.—An Easter Monday Sketch.



THE VOLUNTEER REVIEW.

(SCENE—The place of muster in town, Monday morning.)
Officer. What's the meaning of that bedding and kit? The corps will return to-night.
Volunteer. Don't know that, Captain.
We mayn't some of us be quite "compos," you know.

THE CONTROL OF TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH WIRES.—Mr. R. Hunter, solicitor to the Post Office, was recalled a few days back before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, presided over by Mr. Russell, appointed to inquire into the law relating to the control of telephone and telegraph wires.—THE TIMES.



1. The following was the contents of the first telegram sent during the management of I. Moses, Esq.:—"ALLY, old son, if you feel dry, and run to the price of half-a-pint, come and share the same with your devoted."



3. TOUCHING DOMESTIC INCIDENT DURING THE PANIC CAUSED BY ALLY SLOPER'S ADMINISTRATION.—Here is Doveturtle, who couldn't get home to dinner as usual at five, wants to telegraph, and can't.



5. Meanwhile, the British public, lashed to fury by the persistent closing of the office doors, cry aloud for vengeance, and wave on high the weapons with which that vengeance shall be wreaked.



2. This was the reply:—"I don't mind putting my shilling to yours. Business seems slack, so shall muffle the bell and shut up shop. Be round in half-a-two."



4. TOUCHING DOMESTIC INCIDENT (Continued).—Here is the female Doveturtle—her despair. Also the mental misery of the olive branches, who wonder what it is all about.



6. Meanwhile, also, A. SLOPER, Esq., up to his neck in neglected telegrams, smokes the pipe of peace—which, it is needless to say, is presently put out. So, indeed is SLOPER.

ALLY-CAMPANE.

It is an ancient custom to boil eggs with colour at Easter-time, and to roll them on the grass. When the Boy Sloper was a child, his mother



boiled him an egg—a beautiful blue, and sent him out to play pretty, rolling it; but Blood-Stained Bill Higgins's mother hadn't given Bill a coloured egg to play pretty, rolling, and he and his mates took and fetched Alexander a wipe on the ear, and made him sing Pilly loo, and then the Blood-Stained and his mates scrambled for the egg on the top of it, and it wasn't boiled hard; and Alexander, who is a tender-hearted boy by nature, after the struggle was over, helped to scrape Bill's back with an oyster-shell.

When some forward son of science prophesied a London earthquake at the beginning of this century the West-End slept in its carriage in Hyde Park for fear of what might happen. They don't seem to keep carriages at Walkley, which is no doubt right as far as it goes. However, a local prophet—Salvation or other—"put up," an earthquake for Walkley a few Saturdays ago. The neighbourhood assembled in its thousands to witness the promised convulsion. But they walked to the scene upon their own proper legs; and, having listened to the apology of the prophet for the non-appearance of Mr. Earthquakes, they walked home again—unfortunately, without having their money returned.

AN applicant asked one of the warrant officers at a police court, if he would give her the name of the man whose wife had made an application at that same court for a summons against him for "squeezing her too hard." On the officer asking the woman her reason for wanting the man's name, she replied that from the description she had read in the newspapers of him she had come to the conclusion that he also was her husband.—He asked her how that could be, when she answered, "Oh, it's just like him." When I used to go to bed with him he used to squeeze me just the same."—The Officer: But this man is married.—The Woman: Oh, that don't matter. He has already had eight wives to my knowledge, for I am the ninth, and it's just as likely as not that the woman who made that application was the tenth. In fact, I feel sure it is him, for it's just like him to squeeze a woman hard. He often used to hurt me in that way. I want you to give me his address, and if he is my husband, as I believe he is, I'll squeeze him this time, I'll bet."

"MR. IRVING IN AMERICA! AWFUL FROST!!"—This is startling intelligence, but quite true. When McMouth saw it on the bill outside the news-shop, he straightway made a wild dash, and came forth radiant and panting to a friend he had left outside. "By Jove, sir!" McMouth exclaimed. "I knew how it would be. The fellow with the eccentric legs is frozen up at last." Then they read: "At Chicago, for the greater part of their stay of a month, the thermometer stood at from 10 deg. to 20 deg. below zero; the roads were blocked with snow, and the whole of Lake Michigan was frozen over. The company, however, played there to crowded houses, and were equally successful at Washington and Philadelphia. Mr. Irving makes his last appearance in New York to-night, April 4, and he and Miss Ellen Terry will sail on the 7th in the *Arizona*, the rest of the company following on the 9th in the *City of Chicago*." Teeth were gnashed.

A SINGULAR accident befel a girl, aged eighteen, named Mary Gunn, of 4A Little George Street, Westminster, the other day. While sewing in the shop, she placed several pins in her mouth, and, rising hastily from her seat, she swallowed three of them. She was attended to at Westminster Hospital.

A STRANGE story of the sea, or *Drame en Mer* comes from a little village near Saint Malo. The Commissaire Général of the Colonial Lottery has received notice from a notary there, that a ticket belonging to a sailor named Jean-Marie Lenoël has been found in a sealed up bottle, which was cast up by a storm on the beach at Paramé. The few lines enclosed with the ticket state that, at the moment of dying, J. M. Lenoël bequeaths the prize of 100,000*fr.*, that Notre Dame-d'Auray will give him, to his sweetheart Marie Leonnee, of Saint-Servan. Time alone can tell whether the sailor is really dead, and whether the prize will be secured as he hoped it might be.

OF course the opening of Museums won't shut the public-houses. But then that is no reason why the Museums should be shut. And who but a lot of howling fanatics who prefer ginger pop to good honest half and half wish them shut? I don't at all see why a working man might not go and enjoy a gallery of beautiful pictures, and have a glass of ale on his way home, and yet go to heaven when he dies. At least, that's my opinion.

RECENTLY a master plumber undressed himself in his shop, and then thrust himself into a butt of rain-water, where at seven o'clock the next morning he was found by his son quite dead. As a rule, after a one t butt, something follows. In this case, after a double t butt, it was an inquest.

MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS's glorious pantomime is at length withdrawn, to give way to English Opera. Mr. Carl Rosa has issued the prospectus

for the coming season at Drury Lane, which is to begin on Easter Monday, April 6, and to extend over eight weeks. His company is admirably chosen. One of the special features of the season will be the production of *Manon*, a lyrical version, I believe, of *Manon Lescaut*, the naughty book our grandfathers and grandmothers used to read upon the sly. The story in some respects resembles that of the *Traviata* which once fetched all London.

THE wife of a carter, while under the influence of drink a few days since, placed her child on the fire instead of in the cradle, and the poor little thing was literally roasted to death. The mother was found lying on the floor helpless from drink, and apparently ignorant of what had happened. Perhaps she mistook the baby for a tea-kettle.

A SHORT time ago a married man of Kief agreed to sell his head for 500 roubles to a Moscow medical professor on consideration that he received the money in advance. The professor accordingly paid him the sum. A few days since the man died, and the professor, upon learning it, departed for Kief to claim the head. The family of the deceased, however, had objected to the agreement, and hastened to bury the body ere the professor reached Kief. The professor arrived an hour or so after the body had been interred, and was informed of what had taken place. He has accordingly brought an action against the relatives.

"AMONG the aristocracy," says an authority, "young women are bought and sold, and treated by their parents as if they were so many prize cattle. If a mother has a beautiful daughter to dispose of, she is, like the auctioneers, open to receive bids for her hand. Mental qualifications, even the most ordinary educational accomplishments, go for nothing. It is well known that many of our greatest Society women cannot even spell the most ordinary word without the aid of a dictionary or their maids. Much less write a sentence in English that can stand on its legs." Good gracious, ain't it awful?—particularly if it's true.

FIVE judges—including the Lord Chief Justice—were recently engaged in the Court of Queen's Bench trying to decide whether a man who borrowed a shilling, and was given a sovereign in mistake by the lender, was guilty of larceny by misappropriating the sovereign. After hearing a number of very technical arguments bearing on the question of what constitutes a larceny, it was found that the differences of opinion between the five learned judges were so wide that no decision could be arrived at. The case will now have to go before another full court of twelve judges, amongst whom, in all probability, there will be found the same varied opinions as amongst the five. It is not surely to be wondered at that law becomes a sort of lottery, or that jurymen give strange decisions, when a whole bench of judges are unable to decide such an apparently simple issue. The decision of the Twelve will be awaited by the public with some curiosity.

A BILL, to prohibit the sale of intoxicating liquors by retail throughout England during the whole of Sunday, except in the case of lodgers and *bona fide* travellers, as defined by the Licensing Acts 1872-4, is the latest craze. "A good time's coming, boys!"

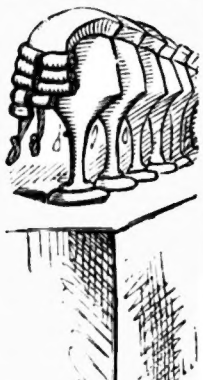
APPROPOS of Lord Durham's late case, it may interest you to hear that this nobleman expresses himself as very dissatisfied with the Judge's decision, and intends taking the case to the House of Lords. There is a rumour that Lady Durham is much better, and that hopes are entertained of her ultimate recovery.

According to a contemporary "Lord Durham fell in love with beauty; he married the loveliness he longed to possess. Though she was, in his opinion, the stupidest girl in the world, yet was he ready to link his name with hers, and make her his intimate companion for life."

"Yet," says the same authority, "his case is a lamentable one. A young man of thirty, a peer, a better speaker than most men of his age and rank, he has a solitary castle for his home, a wife in a madhouse, and a career checked. Lady Durham's condition is tragic. She is quite indifferent to the world, cares not whether she is wife or maid, and takes no sort of interest in anything except sabbies and sewing, and the details of a tennis game. Her fate is a warning to those who have young girls budding into womanhood under their charge." All this may be either right or wrong. Anyhow, either way it's amusing to read about the wrong-doings of the "uppers."

A CABMAN applied some short time since to Mr. Partridge at Westminster Police-court for assistance, as he was unable to follow his occupation through the bite of a dog. Applicant said that on the previous day he seized a mad dog in Warwick Street, Piccadilly, after it had jumped at and bitten several persons who could not get out of its path. He held the rabid animal—a large Newfoundland—by the throat while a constable despatched it with his truncheon; but he regretted to say that he was bitten in the leg through the trousers before he obtained a firm grip. Applicant exhibited a severe wound on his leg, and Mr. Partridge ordered him to the poor-box, and advised him to have constant medical advice. Applicant said the wound had been cauterised in the ordinary way at Westminster Hospital, and afterwards seared with a red-hot iron while he was under the influence of chloroform. He had a wife and family dependent on him, and was now unable to work. It is a case deserving of sympathy. Send a trifle to the magistrate, some of you wealthy ones.

THE law of divorce wants overhauling. In the case of that most injured person, a wife disgraced and disgusted by the flagrant unfaithfulness of her husband, she cannot obtain redress in any complete way, unless the animal who has broken his marital vows has also been guilty of the comparatively little sin of giving her a black eye per week, or some other act of cruelty. It's a shame!



A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK JUST ENDED.

29th March, 1849.—The Olympic Theatre was this day destroyed by fire, the flames being observed by the stage manager when the actors were beginning to assemble for the evening's performance. This theatre occupied the site of old Craven House, which was taken down in 1803, the ground being purchased by Mr. Philip Astley, of the "Amphitheatre," in Westminster Bridge Road, who constructed what was called at the time "a house of public exhibition of horsemanship and droll," which he styled "the Olympic Pavilion." This theatre was rebuilt and opened again the same year. Madame Vestris had the management of it from 1832 to 1839, and many of the most famous actors of the day have appeared upon its boards.

29th March, 1872.—At the University Boat Race, rowed on this day, Cambridge won by three lengths.

29th March, 1315.—Raymond Lulle, the most famous chemist and alchemist of his time, was this day stoned to death by the natives of Mauritania, at the age of eighty. His attention was directed to chemistry by the power of love. A very beautiful lady, with whom he was passionately enamoured, refused to marry him. When he renewed his suit, she showed him her bosom inflamed by a cancer. He instantly took leave, with the determination of effecting a cure, and if possible, conquer the heart of his mistress. He studied with all the ardour, which love and compassion could inspire, into the secrets of medicine and chemistry, and had the good fortune to cure and to marry her. After her death he attached himself to the church. The inhabitants of the island of Majorca, where he was born in 1236, revere him as a martyr.

30th March, 1876.—A murder of an unusually revolting character was this day brought to light at Blackburn, by the discovery of the mutilated remains of a little girl named Emily Holland, about seven years of age, who had been missing for two days. The police put a bloodhound on the scent, and took the dog to two houses where suspicion was entertained. In the first of these the dog betrayed no excitement; but it had no sooner entered the second, than it began to give evidence of the detection of some scent. It then led the police to the fire-place of an upper room, and there, concealed in the chimney, were discovered the head and other portions of the child. The occupier, a barber named Fish, was at once arrested, and afterwards confessed the crime. "I was standing" (Fish wrote) "at my door when the deceased child came past, and I asked her to bring me half an ounce of tobacco from a shop close by. She went and brought it me. I asked her to go in my shop; she did. I asked her to go upstairs, and she did. I abused her, and she was nearly dead. I then cut her throat with a razor. I then carried the body downstairs, and cut off her head, and arms, and legs, and wrapped the body up in newspapers. The arms and head I put into the fire. On Wednesday I took the parcel containing the legs to Lower Cunliffe, and the same night I took the parcel containing the body to Bastwell and threw it over a wall. I also took part of the head, which was burnt, and put it in the chimney in the bedroom. I further wish to say I did it all myself; no other person had anything to do with it."

31st March, 1654.—Cromwell prohibited the sport of cock-fighting. In some families in the seventeenth century the patronage of cock-fighting would appear to have been as hereditary as is the keeping of hounds with certain nobles of a later date. Samuel Pepys thus describes in his "Diary" a visit to a cock-pit: "To Shoe Lane to a cock-fighting at a new pit; but Lord I to see the strange variety of people, from Parliament men, to the poorest prentices, bakers, brewers, butchers, draymen, and what not; and all these fellows, one with another, cursing and betting. I soon had enough of it." Cock-fighting was practised by the ancient Greeks.

31st March, 1854.—According to an ancient custom, the sergeant-at-arms, accompanied by other officials of the City, this day read her Majesty's declaration of war with Russia from the steps of the Royal Exchange.

1st April, 1817.—The April fool among the French is called "*un poisson d'avril*," and their customs on the day are similar to ours. In one instance a "joke" was carried too far. A young lady at Paris on this date pocketed a watch in the house of a friend. She was apprehended the same day, and taken before the police. When being charged with the fact, she said it was an April trick (*un poisson d'avril*). She was then asked if the watch was in her possession. This she denied; but a messenger was sent to her apartment, and the watch was found on the chimney-piece. Upon this, the young lady said she had made the messenger *un poisson d'avril*—"an April fool." The pleasantry did not end happily, however, as the young person was joyfully recommended to remain in the house of correction till the 1st of April, 1818, and then to be discharged as *un poisson d'avril*.

1st April, 1746.—The use to which the lions at the Tower were sometimes put, is illustrated by the following, copied from a rare little book, entitled, "The Travels of Tom Thumb over England and Wales":—"But the most common visit is paid to the lions, who, 'tis said, can inform a woman with child whether she shall have a son or a daughter. Your waggish people report that these lions wash themselves once a year in the Tower ditch, and I must own I went to see them the 1st of April was twelvemonth before I set out on my travels, but was laughed at heartily for my trouble."

2nd April, 1844.—The Fleet Prison for debtors in London was this day abolished, after existing as a place of incarceration more than two centuries. The cruelties which had been repeatedly complained of from 1586 by the poor prisoners, who charged the warders with murder and other misdemeanours, continued unchecked in the midst of London until 1727. All rules were abandoned or made of no avail by winking at their breakage. Thus spirits were not allowed to be brought in by visitors for the prisoners' use, yet dram-shops were established in the prison itself, under the name of "tape-shops," where liquor at a high price might be bought, under the name of white or red tape, as gin, rum, or brandy was demanded. Any luxuries or extravagancies might be obtained by a dishonest prisoner. The rules for living outside were equally lax, and though the person who availed himself of the privilege was supposed never to go beyond their precincts—country trips were often taken, if paid for. One of the inmates of the King's Bench, a sporting character of the name of Hetherington, drove the coach from London to Birmingham for more than a month, during the illness of his friend the coachman, for whom he often "handled the ribbons."

3rd April, 1884.—John Bryce was this day executed at Edinburgh for the murder of John Geddes, his brother-in-law, at Blaw Weir, West Calder. He made a full confession before death. "I was sitting," he said, "by the fire with the tongs in my hand. He had just put the pot on, and was turning round, when it came into my head to murder him, and I struck him with the tongs. He never spoke, but I kept beating him after he was down. I struck him many blows; and when he began to stir I took a cord which was lying on the floor, and put it round his neck to strangle him should he come to life again." Bryce then secured what money he could find in the house, and made his escape from the locality.

4th April, 1813.—A fire was discovered about 5 o'clock on the morning of this day in the fourth story of a large building in Skinner Street. A curious circumstance took place during the fire. A cat that had escaped from some of the apartments was seen by the bystanders on a part of the building which would soon be in flames; and all retreat being cut off, the only way to escape was to leap off, which the poor cat durst not attempt. As the flames approached her, a gentleman offered one of the firemen five guineas if he would save the cat. This he accomplished by getting behind her, and directing the weight of water on to her, forced her to leap from the fifth story into the midst of the spectators beneath. The fireman immediately received his promised award.

4th April, 1854.—The Treasury this day ordered the seizure of two steam-frigates which were being built at Northfleet, for the Emperor of Russia, as "the property of an enemy." They were added to her Majesty's navy under the names of the *Cosack* and *Tartar*.

4th April, 1878.—On this day Mr. Ogle, the *Times* Correspondent at the camp of the Greek insurgents in Thessaly, was murdered by the Turks, his headless body being found in a ravine.

A RECOLLECTION OF EASTER MONDAY.



His name is Bill, and that's enough,
I know not what's his "fake" or "lay";
He's a hideous, howling rough—
And he's out for a holiday.

He's "been and bought" a paper wreath—
He's been and bought a ha'pny cane;
He's off, he is, to 'Amsted 'Eath,
Never mind. He'll come back again.

There's Jack with him, there's Sam and Joe,
Nance and Sal, and Poll and Sue;
And they're all attired "comfy"—
"Yallar" and red, and green and blue.

And they've got gutta percha whips,
And Poll hits Bill, and Sal hits Jack;
And Joe shoves Nance, and Nance she slips—
Sue, playful like, she thumps Sam's back.

I love to see the gamb'ling lamb
A-kicking up his little heels;
And watching Bill, Jack, Joe, and Sam,
Sure one a kindred pleasure feels.

Bill is the flower of the flock—
A merry, blithsome creature, Bill;
Whose charming phiz, seen in the dock,
Would send him, certain, to the mill.

The Hampstead donkeys, with delight
Welcome Bill—one with a spavin
May murmur oft, ere comes the night,
"What a day us mokes is havin'."

Kiss-in-the-ring's the game for Bill,
Then the ladies calf-like gambol;
Till in the twilight, calm and still,
Round the pubs all take a ramble.



Poll hits Bill.

As the evening closes in,
Bill, he fights—p'raps gets a licking;
Or else, perchance, half mad with gin,
His ladylove he falls a-kicking.

At last he's speechless—that's enough,
And gently then they bear away,
What used to be a howling rough,
Who came out for a holiday.



They gently bear him away.

I love the balmy summer day,
The eventide, so calm and still;
Up Hampstead Hill I live half way—
That's why I disapprove of Bill.

LOOK SHARP.

My name is Sharp—Luke Sharp. I am junior partner in the firm of Smart & Co., Net-all Court. I have always made it my rule through life to look well after the main chance. "Every man for himself" is a motto, and pays.

Not long since our senior clerk (age, thirty; married; three children; pay, twenty-eight shillings a week;) wanted a "rise." He got, not the "sack," but the "sack" instead. As we wanted another to fill his place, I bought a daily paper. I there saw an advertisement offering a bonus of ten pounds to any one procuring the advertiser a situation as clerk. I wrote from my private house. Advertiser (name, Howe Green) called next day, and before we parted he had signed undertaking to pay me ten pounds on the day he was engaged by Messrs. B. Smart & Co. at fifty pounds a year.

I have pocketed the ten pounds, and Mr. Howe Green now adorns the office of Messrs. B. Smart & Co., of which firm I am junior partner. I am Sharp—Luke Sharp.

You may probably hear from me again.

LUCK.

"I NEVER should have thought you were so superstitious. Most of us regard it as unlucky to be run over on a Friday, or to have our pocket picked on a Sunday; but the idea of a horseshoe being lucky!" Well, the first one I picked up had been cast by a regular mammoth horse," said Alexander. "I nailed it up over my doorway, and next day a man I owed a fiver to eloped with my mother-in-law,—something of a double event! And the day after a beast came to serve me with 'Victoria by the grace,' when, banging at the door, it jerked the horseshoe off on to his head and floored him, while I had time to get over the back garden wall. Not lucky? Bah!"

CUTTING IT FINE.

A GOOD story is related of a well-known Liverpool theatrical manager who by thrift and hard work has amassed a very handsome fortune. Previous to the pantomime the stage carpenters had to repair the traps, and the head carpenter went to the manager and informed him that it could not be done in the dark.

"Well, lad, thee won't have the gas," answered the manager; "here, this and buy a candle," and he handed him a halfpenny.

The carpenter pleaded that they wanted two in order to show a light the subject.

"How long will t' job tak' thee?" asked the manager.

"About ten minutes," was the reply.

"Then cut t' candle in two," said the theatrical Croesus, "thee won't be any more brass."

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

For the benefit of the Civilized and Uncivilized World, we have determined to set apart a portion of our very valuable space for Letters from Subscribers on important subjects. N.B.—We are not responsible for the compositions printed, wise or otherwise. Here they are exactly as they are sent to us.

March 27th, 1885.

MR. RILEY presents his compliments to Miss Sloper, and would really esteem it a great favour if she would send him her portrait. Mr. Riley takes the opportunity of expressing his high admiration for her Eminent Father, and the great results he is constantly achieving; and feels proud that he can say that he, too, is an Englishman. Mr. Riley encloses his address so that there shall be no fear of the favour going wryly, and will feel very much riley if the treasure should happen to be mis-carried.

THE CENTRAL SCHOOL OF CHEMISTRY AND PHARMACY,
173, MARYLEBONE ROAD, LONDON, W.

To the Editor of "ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY."

March 28th, 1885.

DEAR SIR,—I was walking down Fleet Street last night about 12 o'clock, and had just passed the Pig and Whistle, when, hearing a scuffle, I looked round, and beheld Mr. SLOPER sprawling in the gutter, soon after the Hon'ble Billy followed, and then Lord Bob, and then the door of the P. and W. closed with a bang. The trio soon picked themselves up, and I heard Mr. S. say that he had never been chucked so roughly before. Just then they saw X C 94 coming towards them, and Mr. S. said see me mesmerize this bobby, and when the policeman came up he (ALLY) passed his hands over the policeman's face, and said, go! and the poor fellow went, as they moved on. However, they had not gone far when, to their horror, they saw the policeman coming back, but not alone. There were nine more with him. Then ALLY said see me mesmerize the blooming lot. And when they came up, he passed his hands over their faces, and said, go! and they went, but they took the trio with them. I followed and saw them safely lodged, and then went away disgusted with ALLY and his friends. I am sure this disgraceful conduct ought to have a stop put to it.—I remain yours truly,
W. WESTFIELD of Aldgate.

AN O'ER TRUE TALE.

He wore a gibus on his head,
He was in evening dress full;
I knew him, but I cut him dead,
His state was too disgraceful.
Lurching along to right and left,
On legs that scarce upbore him,
Each group he met in twain he clef,
And scattered all before him.
A lamp-post brought him to a stop,
And saved him from a cropper;
Gladly he grasped the friendly prop,
And murmured, "This is proper!"

Like limpet to a storm-beat rock
He clung with desperation,
Till a peeler seized him by the stock,
And marched him to the station.

I told the story to my wife,
Whose comment was as follows:—
"How much a man's success in life
Depends on what he swallows!"

HINTS FOR BANK HOLIDAYS.

GRAVESEND is the place for shrimps, and their ninepence-a-head's worth is very satisfactory and refreshing. There is a place called Windmill Hill at Gravesend; the three shies a penny there are excellent of their kind. Noblemen and ladies purchasing winkles must provide their own hairpins.

SOUTHEND.—There and back for half-a-crown. You can see "the sea, the sea, the open sea" in the distance. Half-a-crown return there and back. The mud alone is worth the money.

BATTERSEA PARK.—Go by the penny boat. The kiss-in-the-ring is excellent. Ginger-beer sold in the Park of the most expensive and recherché brands.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—This place of amusement, though little known to the general public, is still worth visiting. It is built of glass, and is filled with Alhambra Courts, statues, and barmoids. The Prince of Wales goes to the C. P. sometimes. The Princess has not swung so much of late years, and the Royal children have given up patronising the roundabouts owing to weak health and the strong political feeling which is now prevailing on the subject.

JACK STRAW'S CASTLE, HAMPTHEAD HEATH.—A very good place of entertainment. Their split bread-and-cheeses are excellent, and the view from the windows is all that can be desired.

CLERKENWELL.—The House of Detention is never closed to any free-born British subject. The best way to enter it is to say to a constable who is dragging a woman along by one of her feet, "Don't you think you might hold her by the arm?" Then immediately he will run you in for "obstruction" of an officer in the execution of his duty. What a thing it is to live in a free country!

RICHMOND.—You can get to Richmond many ways. The best way to get on to the water is to have larks in the boat, when you fall slap on to it, and have to be fished out with boat-hooks when you dive below. This spoils the trousers and scrapes the body.

A PERFECT CURE.

TOM. "I say, Harry, dear boy, you have had a good deal of experience, you know, and all that kind of thing; now, really, which seaside place should you recommend as the best—to take an invalid to, you know?"

HARRY. "Well, 'pon my word, it's rather a difficult sort of question to answer, don't you know. But what would you say to Yarmouth? there are hundreds of thousands cured there every season."

TOM. "Wh—h—h—at? Bless my soul! You surprise me! You can't mean it, you know! Hundreds of thousands of invalids cured every—"

HARRY. "No, no, dear boy, I didn't say invalids. Bloaters, old chappie, bloaters."

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

A YOUNG country friend of ALLY's says that she never walks across her father's fields, because they're too style-ish for her.

It is impossible to say how many dog-days there are in the year, because every dog has his day.

JONES on being pitted by his friends because Mrs. Jones had left him, immediately exclaimed, "Pity me not, until she returns."

BLACK as your Hat—Darkness that may be felt.

A FUNNY friend of SLOPER's says that he only backed one horse in his life, and that was into a shop window.

WORKMEN generally on the Strike—Blacksmiths.

CARPENTERS frequently become not only bores, but also sometimes annoy people with their o'd saws.

CHARGE of the Light Brigade—The gas bill.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM—A little sighing, a little crying, a little dying, and a very great deal of lying.

MRS. JONES has such an aversion to tobacco (especially to Jones's), that there is no end of tobacco jars in the house. She fumes, and he puffs; so it all ends in smoke.

WHAT some Husbands resort to after Marriage—The Club.

A SHOCKING Affair—A magnetic battery.

MOCK Turtle—Connubial affection before company—sometimes.

ONE WIFE TOO MUCH.

(By the Author of "Two Babies Too Many.")

CHAPTER XVIII.

HE COMES BACK.

WE are off now. A man with a hammer has done something to the wagging wheel and it waggles no longer. We depart with three cheers, and reach our journey's end without further adventure. Glasses round ensue, and then each, having lighted a cigar, sallies forth to resume his place.

Then there is a little unpleasantness. Some of the general public, under the impression that the bus is for their accommodation, have made themselves comfortable inside and out.

There is a washerwoman inside, and a basket of clothes on the roof. There are also six navvies, all very drunk, on the knifeboard, who won't move when told to do so.

"Major," says some one, "you who are, as it were, at home upon the Ensanguined Field, now's your time!"

The midnight hour has chimed. The stars are dotted o'er the deep blue canopy of heaven. The silvery moon is shedding its gentle lustre upon the Battle of Bosworth Field, and I (Major Penny), seated upon a stone in front of my own

semi-detached villa residence, am regarding the same with feelings in my breast wherein sorrow gets the upper hand of anger, to give place in its turn to almost bitter irony as it finds vent in words:—

"What," I say, as I stretch forth my hand in the direction of the dwelling above alluded to, "what have I to do with this? Is it worthy of me? No!" "What," I continue, in a tone of withering scorn, "what indeed?" "No," 'tis useless striving to disguise the fact any longer. I have this evening arrived at the conclusion, and reluctantly has that conclusion been arrived at, that a more extended sphere of action is necessary for the development of faculties nurtured by the cannon's roar upon the Ensanguined Field!

It may possibly have been observed by those who have taken the heads of festive boards, and regulated the pushing round of the flowing bowl, that episodes of unwonted eloquence happen later on—too late, rather, for them to be of any use. At the present moment Cicero (if I may be pardoned a cant phrase of the day) would hardly "be in it" with the hero of this narrative.

"Major Penny, sir," I naturally exclaim, "now or never is the time to rise, and, if possible, Major Penny, sir, be equal to the hic—I mean oc—only it wasn't 'ock, it was B and S—and B and S is foolish when over-done. Yet this is trifling! A truce to ribaldry. Where's the latch-key?"

It is really most extraordinary, when you come to think of it, that the fact that I hitherto have not been in the habit of carrying a latch-key has actually slipped my memory, and I am only recalled to a full sense of the situation by Clarissa, the girl, jerking the street door open whilst I am making sure, with one hand, where the keyhole is. Fortunately, I am searching on the opposite side of the door to that on which the key-hole exists, so I don't go in with much of a run when the door opens.

Clarissa observes, "Missus was very tired, sir, and she's gone to bed; and would you like any supper, sir, she says?"

It may not have struck everybody, yet still it may, possibly, be allowed by some, that when the vocalist is suddenly called upon by the musician for his upper G, he, as a rule, has it handy. Called upon now for a simple monosyllable, with a choice between the negative and the affirmative, it, oddly enough, seems to me to require a moment or two to decide which monosyllable is the safest to venture on. Meanwhile Clarissa adds, "Or would you like any more to drink, sir?"

"Anthick—more—drieng?"

Thank goodness, Clarissa has retired—hastily, as it seemed to me, and I am sitting on a kind of bench arrangement in the hall, with my hat on my head, my right boot and umbrella in my right hand, and the candlestick in the left, wondering what on earth I am to do to get off my left boot with my hands so full.

I am upstairs in the dressing-room. So are my boots, my hat, and my umbrella, and the candle and candlestick (the extinguisher fell somewhere and would not be found). Apparently Mrs. Penny is asleep. Let us be cautious! How strange all this is, though, when you come to consider! There was a time when the cannon roared and the Ensanguined Field—I forget exactly what the Ensanguined Field did, but it was awfully Ensanguined—and look at me at this moment!

I can scarcely realize those days of carnage, those days when death was nothing and glory everything, and you called for another horse when the one was shot down under you (if you happened to be mounted at the time), and rushed headlong on the foe in the heat of their retreat, and cut down the first exhausted straggler you came up with.

Yonder, in that corner cupboard, where the dirty clothes are kept, is the faithful sword that ere now has kept by my side, never leaving it for a moment, through periods of the intensest suspense, when the enemy were close at your back, and you had nothing but your heels to look to. Why shouldn't I?

I have! My trusty blade is buckled on. The tunic of my warlike days doesn't quite fit, but as far as the head goes my shako is all there, and now for the sword exercise! Do I remember it? Let me see!

Crash! I had no notion the trusty blade could have been sharp enough to cut a water-jug in two, and now here is Mrs. Penny, who says she fancied she heard something break, and wants to know if I am dressing for a fancy ball. "What-shameans?"

I presume that there are moments in the lives of most of us, upon the Ensanguined Field and elsewhere, when one does not feel altogether heroic. Such a moment is this, and I, Major Penny, sitting now vis-a-vis with my breakfast bacon, am hardly equal to the occasion. Meanwhile, Mrs. Penny is, if I may be permitted the expression, preternaturally sprightly. Mrs. Penny has been up hours, playing inspiring music for a considerable length of time upon the drawing-room piano. Also she has carolled blithely upon the staircase, and she is humming now. She has breakfasted some time ago, and my breakfast has been kept warm.

It consists of hot tea, dry toast, and bacon, which swims in its fat. I don't feel lively as I have previously observed. On the contrary, I feel dreadfully sick, and the aspect of this ghastly bacon fills me with unutterable loathing. If Mrs. Penny had not got her eye on me, which she has, I would hurl this bacon into space through the open window. As it is, however, I can but resort to subterfuge. I therefore toy with the tea-cup and dally with the rasher, and endeavour to tire Mrs. Penny out. But she won't be tired out. She tells me I have let my tea get cold, and wants to fill up the cup with scalding liquid and have my bacon warmed again. I have grave doubts as to the probable result of drinking a cup of hot tea, and shudder when I think of the certain consequences attendant on a mouthful of bacon. If ever again I take the Chair, or have anything more to do with any confounded omnibuses, I'm a Dutchman.

"There's such a capital leader here in the Times about habitual drunkards," says Mrs. Penny, who is reading the paper.

(To be continued next week.)



We are off now!



Mrs. Penny's Suspicions.



Chorus.—"We're here to do you good!"

ARRY—MORNING AND EVENING.
(AN EASTER MONDAY POEM.)



Morning.

Evening.



SWEET REPOSE ON EASTER MONDAY.



A MERRY TRIO.

HOT CROSS BUNS!

ONE A PENNY—TWO A PENNY—HOT CROSS BUNS!



2. A customer

3. 'Change for 1/2 sovereign?' 4. He will run & fetch it.

5. Customer hopes he won't be long

8. Would-be customers

9. The queue doesn't mean to come back evidently.

1. 'Fire 'ot Cross Buns'

7. Getting messy

10. They will be a treat for the children anyhow.

11. Joy!

12. Next day, 'I say, this is a bad 'un' 'emman!



BRIGHTON REVIEW: PARTING ADVICE.

Young Lady (to Volunteer Masher, about to start for Brighton).—Good-bye, Mr. Podgers, take care of yourself; and whatever you do, have mercy on the Brighton ladies, and don't get flirring too much, for I know what a dreadful man you can be when you like.



AN APRIL FOOL.



A PICTURE FOR THE ACADEMY.

"Oh, Julian, don't tickle me so."



EIGHT HOURS AT THE SEASIDE.

(TIME—EASTER MONDAY.)

Porter.—Beg pardon, sir, no luggage allowed.

Young Swell.—Luggage! What doose you mean by luggage? It's only my p—p—pipe-case and to—tobacco-pouch.